

Of Flight and Life

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FLIGHT
and
LIFE

BY

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1948

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK

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PREFACE

THERE are times in life when one feels an overwhelming desire to communicate belief to others, to band together with one's fellow-men in support of a common cause. I have felt such a desire on three occasions.

The first was as a young pilot, when I became convinced that man had a great destiny in the air—that planes would some day cross continents and oceans with their cargoes of people, mail, and freight. I believed that America should lead the world in the development of flight. I devoted my life to planes and engines, to surveying airlines, to preaching, wherever men would listen, the limitless future of the sky.

The second time was in Europe, when I saw our western peoples turning their resources into bombing planes for war. I believed that a conflict between English and German groups of nations would leave Europe prostrate, destroy her cities, kill her finest men, and dangerously increase the Soviet Government's strength. For five years, at home and abroad, I spoke, wrote, and argued

against a fratricidal war. I advocated that democratic nations stand by and arm while Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia fought out their totalitarian ideas. With Hitler and Stalin wishing to exterminate each other, and with Nazi forces already pointed eastward, it seemed to me the greatest folly to draw German guns to western Europe against a France and England unprepared. After fighting began, I pleaded that a negotiated peace between Allied and Axis powers would leave free peoples stronger than a victory based on unconditional surrender. I was convinced that it was best for America to keep out of Europe's internal wars, not to add to a suicidal conflagration which would greatly weaken our civilization in a period when it had vital need for strength—strength to face the gigantic problems of modern life which lay ahead.

The third time is at this moment—1948. We are now facing these problems, intensified by years of war.

We are in the grip of a scientific materialism, caught in a vicious cycle where our security today seems to depend on regimentation and weapons which will ruin us tomorrow. I believe the values we are creating and the standards we are now following will lead to the end of our civilization, and

that if we do not control our science by a higher moral force, it will destroy us with its materialistic values, its rocket aircraft, and its atom bombs—as it has already destroyed large parts of Europe.

Because of this belief, I have written the following book, divided into two parts. In Part I, I have described three among the many experiences of life which led to the arguments and conclusions in Part II. In general, these chapters represent a journey from my early confidence in the limitless future of scientific man to an apprehension of the crisis to which a scientific materialism has led him.

In attacking scientific materialism, I fully realize that science has become the victim of its technologists, as religion became the victim of its fanatics. Just as the spiritual truths of Christ and Laotzu were perverted by the temporal exploitation of Christian and Taoist creeds, the intellectual truths of great scientists are being perverted by the material exploitation of industry and war. Hiroshima was as far from the intention of the pure scientist as the Inquisition was from the Sermon on the Mount.

The scientist is no more guilty of the situation we are in today than those of us who have made improper use of his discoveries. Our problems are mutual. We must work them out together. Our

survival depends upon it. I have written this book in an attempt to clarify the crisis we face, to communicate with men and women of similar concern, to search for a solution.

PART 1

TO LIVE . . .

(*Willow Run 1943*)

FORTY thousand feet and still climbing. I am running an ignition breakdown test on the engine of a Thunderbolt * fighter. Research in the higher air is a relief from my wartime routine of conferences, production lines, and bomber shakedown flights.

Under one wing, an off-shaded patch on the great quilt of earth, is the city of Detroit. Under the other, slightly hazed by smoke, lies Toledo. The thumb of Michigan presses flat against the gray waters of Lake Huron. To the eastward, Canada and Lake Erie merge into fog; while a dim band on the western horizon marks Wisconsin's shore. Almost lost in the expanse of land and water, requiring a careful search of the eyes to locate them, fine parallel and intersecting lines on a postage-stamp-size field are actually the mile-

* Republic P-47 "Thunderbolt" fighter—single place monoplane, powered by one Pratt & Whitney R-2800 air-cooled engine. Armament: eight .50 caliber machine guns.

long runways of Willow Run. Eight thousand feet closer to earth, edging a thin veil of cirrus cloud, an angular vapor trail shows where my ascending fighter has pierced the crystalline sky. The temperature gage registers 55 degrees below zero outside my cockpit.

At 41,000 feet, I level off, set the trim tabs, and adjust the turbo. I must hold five minutes of level flight while plane and engine settle down to normal readings. The oil temperature's at the peg again—oil's probably foaming out of the vent. Well, can't do anything about that up here. I'll let it foam as long as the pressure holds. But it'll mean another cleaning job for the ground crew. There just isn't enough air above 40,000 feet to keep an R-2800 engine cool.

Shall I try radio contact with the Tower? Not much use at this altitude—reception's bad and, with the thinness of atmosphere, the best you can do is a word to a breath. Still, they'd probably like to hear from me. I must try to get each word's last syllable formed before my lungs run out of air. I press the "mike" button:

"WILLOW RUN TOWER
FROM ARMY SIX ZERO
THREE EIGHT OVER."

(You don't speak, you pant out words, at high altitude.) I turn up the volume control to maximum. A voice replies in my earphones, but the words don't come through:

"#**¢MY/-* @)ZERO#;&EIGHT-*(*¢ @-*
%OWRUNO#-*¢"\$:/*#*#."

That's for me, all right. Maybe *they* can hear better:

"TOWER FROM ZERO THREE
EIGHT POSITION TWENTY
MILES SOUTH WILLOW RUN
ALTITUDE FORTY ONE
THOUSAND OUT."

There are more jumbled noises in my earphones. I don't know how much of the message they received, but I'm not going to send it again. My head's already swimming slightly from the effort, and it's time to take instrument readings.

Air speed, manifold pressure, engine r.p.m. (Careful; one's mind doesn't work as clearly at altitude, and each figure's got to go in the right box on the log sheet.) Oil pressure, fuel pressure . . . There goes the rate-of-climb needle!—left rudder; level up wing and nose; watch the turbo speed—these fighters balance on a pinpoint at high altitude.

Cylinder head temperatures, base temperatures, carburetor air. The engine's a little rough on the left magneto, ambient; smooth on each mag, pressurized. Pretty good results for the new distributor heads—I might make 43,000 feet today.

All goes well until, tests run and readings logged, I start to descend. Then, at 36,000 feet: something happens to clarity of air, to pulse of life, perception of eye. I grow aware of that vagueness of mind and emptiness of breath which warn a pilot of serious lack of oxygen. I force myself to alertness—I must think or die! The idea lashes brain and body like the blow of a whip. Mask leaking? I shove it up with my left hand—no, tight against my face. Out of oxygen? No. (A glance at the gage shows 50 pounds.) Then something must be wrong with the oxygen system. I know from altitude-chamber experience* that I have about 15 seconds of consciousness left at this altitude—neither time nor clearness of mind to check hoses and connections. Life demands oxygen and the only sure supply lies 4 miles beneath me.

I shove the stick forward. The earth slants upward and the dive begins . . . 35,000 feet . . . 34,000 . . . my cockpit roars through the air . . .

* Experiments carried out September-October, 1942, at the Aero Medical Unit, Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn., Dr. Walter M. Boothby, Chairman.

the earth fades out . . . the instrument dials darken . . . breath's thin; lungs, empty—I'm blacking out—losing sight . . . I push the nose down farther . . . faster . . . 33,000 . . . 30,000 . . . the dials become meaningless . . . down . . . down . . . I am dimly aware of a great shriek, as though a steam whistle were blowing near my ears . . . Compressibility dive? . . . I'm not thinking about compressibility . . . it's oxygen I need . . . I'm blind . . . I can't see the needles . . . there are no more seconds left—it's a razor edge—a race between decreasing consciousness and increasing density of air. . . .

17,000 . . . 16,000 . . . 15,000 . . . a white needle moves over white figures . . . it's the altimeter—I can see—I'm reading its dial again—I'm aware of the cockpit, the plane, the earth and sky—I've already begun to pull out of the dive—the stick is free; the nose, rising; the seat pressing against me.

The air in my lungs has substance. Perception floods through nerve and tissue. How clear the sky is above me, how wonderful the earth below, its villages and farms, its forests, lakes and fields! They seem a part of me, not distant as before. I'm no longer confined to my cockpit, no longer imprisoned by plane or body. I become a part of all things, feeling them, being them, as well as see-

ing them through my eyes. What more could be desired than the pure joy of existence, the beauty of planet, sun, and space? How could I have been so blinded by instrument dials and figures? How false material values are; how trivial, human problems. Simply to appreciate is more important than any material accomplishment of man.

Returning from the border of death always makes one more aware of life. Relationships take on a higher value and the senses penetrate to new depths with new perspective. I brought life rather than an airplane back to ground. My fighter was only a method of carrying it. The rows of camouflaged bombers and the line of huge brick hangars I taxied past seemed unimportant. The flight report was a ruled sheet of paper to be filled in quickly. The mechanic who told me that my pressure gage read 50 pounds too high carried dull news. Then the oxygen tank had simply run empty at 36,000 feet. That had caused all my trouble—a quarter-inch error of a needle. I felt a sudden revulsion for such details, an impatience with needles, instruments, and readings. What fools men were to impress their minds, enslave their bodies, with figures and machines when life lay everywhere around them, free for the taking, unperceived.

My office was at the opposite end of the factory

from the airfield. As I drove back, the great door of an assembly line opened and a four-engined bomber rolled out onto the concrete apron. Behind it, stretching as far as the eye could see, were dozens of uncompleted bombers. A few hours before, I would have viewed this production line as a marvelous feat of engineering. I would have felt proud of even the small part I had taken in bringing it into being. Now, it seemed a terrible giant's womb, growling, clanging, giving birth to robots which were killing people by the thousands each day as they destroyed the culture of Europe. Inside, crawling over jigs and wings like ants, were thousands of men and women, sacrificing sunlit hours, home and family, shop and farm, to serve this hellish monster.

This was a temple of the god of science at which we moderns worshipped. Here was the power, the efficiency, the superhuman magic of which we had dreamed. Only two years before on this same spot, I would have been surrounded by hickories, maples, and oaks. Scientific man could now touch a forest in Michigan with his wand, and by so doing wipe out European cities.

In "temples" such as this, the western world was prostrating itself in peace and war. For what? For material possessions, for speed, for power. Some-

how man must be made to see that science was hypnotizing him with its machines, dulling his senses with its knowledge, destroying his culture with its bombs. How blind we were—how time and space misled our eyes! Here I watched a steel door lift and an airplane roll outside; while, in reality, the walls of a cathedral fell and children died.

Why squander life slaving in factories, gathering technical data, building planes to fly faster and higher? Why risk death for a thousand feet of height or ten extra miles an hour? How could we further human progress by striving for such scientific goals when the very concentration on them blinded us to higher values, mocked the brotherhood of man, shielded us from God?

This altitude flight at Willow Run taught me that in worshipping science man gains power but loses the quality of life.

. . . MODERN MAN NEEDS BOTH SCIENCE . . .

(South Pacific 1944)

"How much of that stuff did you pick up?" The voice in my earphones was full of concern. Our four P-38* fighters were headed southward from

*Lockheed P-38 "Lightning" fighter—single place monoplane, powered by two Allison V-1710 liquid-cooled engines. Armament: four .50 caliber machine guns and one 20 millimeter cannon.

the Japanese islands of Palau. I glanced again at the wings, at engine nacelles, at booms and tail—no holes. Both engines were running smoothly. Each instrument needle lay in place. Was it possible I had not been hit at all—that I could get back safely, over seven hundred miles of ocean, to our Biak air strip off the New Guinea coast?

The Pacific, sun-mottled and smooth, spread out lazily toward all horizons. No black speck on its surface marked enemy or friend. Bunched cumulus clouds latticed off the heat of a blazing tropical sky. The beauty and solitude, the brotherly anxiety of the question, made reality stranger than any nightmare. Could it be that, less than ten minutes before, the air had been streaked with tracers and planes milling about in combat—that such a trivial amount of time separated this tranquil wilderness from an earthly hell where we had left men burned, dead, and dying?

Our raid had been successful. By the careful setting of engine controls, we had developed a method of fuel economy which stretched the usual range of our P-38s by close to 500 miles. Slipping in at 15,000 feet, we caught the Japanese by surprise, for Palau was considered out of range of land-based fighters. Diving down as masters of the undefended sky, we crossed the main island of Babel-

thuap at almost treetop level; and off the eastern coast, shattered the decks of a patrol ship with our fire. Cruising swiftly southward toward a major airdrome, we shot down three enemy planes in flames.* Then, our fuel reserves lowering after nearly an hour of flying at battle-cruise, we headed toward open ocean. At the same moment, a Zero dove from a cloud to attack my wingman.

I turn back to his defense five seconds too soon. I should have climbed and made a wider circle. Seeing a better target, the Jap pilot whips around in a bank and half rolls onto my tail. There's no use dog-fighting with a Zero. I'm too near the water to dive. I jam the throttles into war emergency power and bank toward the other unit of our flight. I have speed and I have friends, but both are seconds away—hundreds of bullets away. I can see the cylinders of the Zero's engine, feel its machine guns rising into line behind me. It is too close to miss. I pull my elbows inside the armor plate and brace for the impact of the shells—the rip of wing covering—the torch of a fuel tank—the jerky clatter of a failing engine. Seconds are frozen; time, eternal. Like comets, our hurtling

* 2 planes destroyed by Col. Charles H. MacDonald.

1 plane destroyed by Lt. Col. Meryl M. Smith.

Our P-38s were from the 475th Fighter Group, Fifth Air Force.

speed seems motionless in space. Home—death—oriental capture—I see them all in the blinding light of a fierce, unhurried moment.

Why don't the bullets strike? There is no thud, no shattering of glass, no pain! The twin tails of a P-38 flash by, almost vertical in bank. A Zero climbs steeply toward the nearest cloud. A second P-38 crosses over. Tracers are spurting from a third, firing full deflection. A trail of smoke streaks out behind the Zero and it disappears in the overcast.* The air behind me is empty. Only four P-38s circle in the nearer sky. The earth becomes unfrozen. Time and space assume their old dimensions.

We had flown five minutes eastward to throw off enemy pursuit, and then turned south. Now, we were sizing up our damage, and there seemed to be none.

This raid on Palau was typical of the entire Pacific war. We were winning because we had better equipment and better men, judged on the standards of modern fighting. When I had come down from that altitude flight at Willow Run the year before, I asked myself what man gained by his slavery to modern science. Here, on my thirty-sixth combat mission, I had again experienced the

* Shot, and probably destroyed, by Capt. Danforth P. Miller.

answer. He gained sheer material survival for himself; he gained existence for his nation. Why should we always be striving for more speed and power? This was the answer. It was the last few miles of speed, translated into degrees of aim and inches of error, that threw the enemy bullets off my plane. It was the last few hundred horsepower, translated into seconds, that brought three P-38s to me in time. It was the final perfection of our guns, the final training of our pilots, that forced the Zero off my tail and sent it smoking off for shelter.

Such advantages we had achieved through years of scientific effort, through the devotion of western man to his machine; and such advantages the Japanese now lacked. That was why the four of us had been able to raid Palau against a reported strength of nearly 200 enemy fighters. That was why our American forces were winning in the Pacific at the same time we were fighting our major war in Europe. That was why our American civilization could survive while our people advanced the culture they believed in.

The South Pacific taught me that without a highly developed science modern man lacks the power to survive.

. . . AND RELIGION.

(*Germany 1945*)

The country below was green and beautiful—dark, pine-covered hills, well-kept strips of field, punctuated by the tile roofs and crooked streets of ancient villages. Could this be the land so devastated by six long years of war? I was wedged in between the tire of a Navy jeep and the window of an Army transport plane, on a mission to study enemy jet and rocket aircraft. We had just crossed the German border en route from Paris to Munich. It was May of 1945. The last of Hitler's armies had surrendered.

There was no change. This was the same Germany I had flown over before hostilities began. The explosives and war machines of man seemed to have left as little mark as a pebble dropped on the surface of a pool. Already, fields of grain were smoothing out the ripples made by shell and tank track. After all, it was the farmer's plow that painted man's picture on the earth. A crop of wheat brushed over in a single stroke the scratches made by centuries of war. It was hard to believe that those little pock-marks on a hillside had been fox-holes guarding human life, or that the faint equidistant lines curving in around them were the

tracks of an exterminating tank. That ravelled thread, lying casually on a pasture, was where modern youth had fought and (the button-sized shell splotches across it added) died.

My eyes swept out toward the horizon. Even the widest trenches disappeared in the angle of distance. The sun-bathed fields and forests of southern Germany lay serene as though bomb and shell had never screamed through air—except, and that was the flaw to this crystal of earth and sky, except for the pallor of that distant city. It drew my eyes and I could not take them from it. What could be so disturbing in a shade of gray and yellow miles away? Was there some property to a bombed city, some emanation of death that accompanied the rays reflected from its ruins? As human death pierces through a room, that city pierced the sky. I forgot farms and villages, trenches and tank tracks. I could no longer see the beauty of earth or experience the joy of flight.

As we drew closer, the features of death emerged—rubbled streets, gutted buildings, ragged walls. *This* had been a city inhabited by men! Street after street lined with blasted factories, offices, and homes—open roofs and fallen floors, smudged by fire, deserted by life. And this was only one of the bombed cities of Europe; there were scores of

them. Here in these ruins, not in the countryside around them, one saw the true significance of modern war. One saw more deeply than war, to the insecurity of man, the temptation of science, the values of God.

It was afternoon before we had unloaded our jeep, packed our equipment, and found our way into the city of Munich. Down on the surface of the earth, between mounds of shattered brick and mortar, looking up to the sky through gaping roofs, seeing old women and young children hunting food in piles of army refuse, I realized that a civilization had collapsed, one which was basically our own, stemming from the same Christian beliefs, rooted in similar history and culture. How fragile civilization had become, viewed through the lens of modern science; how vulnerable to the eye of the bombardier. For it resides in cities, in those little patches here and there, 20,000 feet below, dwarfed by the great expanse of field and forest yet such easy targets for the bombsight. A formation of aircraft passes high overhead; a button is pressed; black dots tumble through the air; a pinpoint on earth erupts, and civilization is rubble, smoke, and flame.

I felt rising apprehension for the future. These cities—I had driven through pre-war Munich seven

years before—were once like ours, pulsing with both life and power, secure as steel, permanent as stone. If this had happened in Europe, why could it not also happen in America? In another generation, might New York, Detroit, Chicago, look like this? What quality had we to save us that Germany had not?

The Germans, too, had been an educated people, with western minds and hearts. Few nations had contributed more to our civilization in the past—in art, music, religion, philosophy, science—in science above all in modern times. Millions of Germans had devoted their lives to the discovery and development of scientific knowledge. In mathematics, in physics, in chemistry, in subjects which form the foundation of modern civilization, they were among the leaders of the world. They had worshipped science. To it, they had sacrificed the quality of life—yet they had not gained the power to survive. Perhaps here was a key to my question. Perhaps survival, in the last analysis, was fully as dependent on the quality of life as on the power of arms—dependent on a perpetual balance of spiritual and material forces. The Germans had lost this balance. The temptation of scientific power had been too much for these citizens. With science, they felt, they could be supermen; they could rule the

earth. Heedless of warning cries which arose both within and without their nation, they had turned their backs on the deeper human values of their heritage. Instead of balancing science with other fields of wisdom, they had let it dominate them, turned it loose in war and conquest. In their search for materialistic power, they had set up science as their god, and science had destroyed them.

Was there a warning in these German cities which we in America should heed? Was there something inherently self-destroying in the worship of science, as I had suspected at Willow Run? Was science's power of survival only temporary, capable of winning battles but not of saving man? Was there something even inherently dangerous in the unguided search for knowledge? Before this war, I had regarded the fear of knowledge as ignorant superstition. Knowledge brought truth, and how could truth blind or injure man? But perhaps there was a wisdom in the old myth of the Garden of Eden. "But of the tree of knowledge . . . thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." In this early record, both man's fascination and his fear of knowledge are recorded. That he must search for it was accepted. That it involved great danger for him was already understood.

Here in what had been a human city, I saw the danger of knowledge—the amorality of truth. Like steel, truth could bring evil as well as good, destroy as well as construct; its achievements depended less on its own substance than on a guiding power beyond—a power not bound up in formulas of knowledge. There was truth in the mathematics that designed a high-explosive bomb, in the machines that shaped the wings of a bomber, in the masses of data and cold logic which took men's minds from government and God until a Nazi Party rose to shatter Europe. But it was truth unguided by moral principles; it was scientific truth, unbalanced by the truths of religion. The German scientist had partaken of a fruit from which death had surely followed.

Then it was the quality of knowledge rather than its amount that mattered; the use of truth, as much as its possession. "For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." In this spiritual truth of religion, there was more value than in any material truth of science. The contrast between city and countryside of post-war Germany marked, unmistakably, its wisdom. The truths of the city had sown aircraft and explosives; and to the city, aircraft and explosives had returned, leaving the farmer relatively untouched to reap his peaceful

crops of grain. Here in Germany, the truths of science and the truths of religion had clashed, and religion remained to teach its ancient lesson. It was true that modern civilization could not live without science, as I discovered in the South Pacific. It was also true that science alone lacked the wisdom needed to survive.

In Germany, I learned that if his civilization is to continue, modern man must direct the material power of his science by the spiritual truths of his God.

PART 2

I

THIS is 1948. World War II is over. Our soldiers have been victorious on every battlefield. Their courage, the developments of our science, our modern industry, the alliance we made with the Soviets, enabled us to carry destruction to our enemies on a scale never recorded before. On military standards, we won decisively.

But in a deeper sense, have we won? Or is World War II only a successful military campaign in a vast conflict which stretches backward through World War I and forward through World War III—a conflict for earthly leadership, wealth, and power? Most of the issues for which we fought have not been settled. Our underlying objectives have not been attained. Our victory has not brought peace to the world. It has established neither democratic ideals nor the security of nations. “The Atlantic Charter” is nonexistent. “The Four Freedoms” do not thrive. Stalin now holds most of what we fought to keep Hitler from obtaining.

As England won a war and lost an empire, we have stamped out the menace of Nazi Germany

only to find that we have created the still greater menace of Soviet Russia, behind whose "Iron Curtain" lies a record of bloodshed and oppression never equalled.

Like a cloud overhanging our satisfaction in defeating our enemies, is the realization that the science which gave us military victory is destroying the very civilization which created it. Starvation, despair, the millions of dead, and the ruined cities of Europe form stark evidence. Our modern bombs have razed in a few hours cities our ancestors spent centuries in building. Piles of rubble lie where cathedrals stood. In suburbs and on battlefields, crosses mark the graves of fathers and mothers of a genius which might have flowered. Western nation has fought western nation until European peoples are exhausted and living in constant dread of the godless philosophy and armies of the Soviet.

Can a civilized man view the world today and say, "We won"? Sparta won the Peloponnesian war, but proved that it is a shallow victory which leaves a prostrate people. As the wars between Athens and Sparta brought the downfall of Greece, those between England and Germany, with the aid of scientific weapons, have brought the downfall of all Europe—which was, until this war, the stronghold of our civilization.

The price of military success to date has been staggering. European peoples are now too weak to protect even their own borders. America is the only western country in which great strength remains. The fate of western civilization now rests on our shoulders. We have seen it weakened by World War I, much of it destroyed by World War II, and all that is left threatened by World War III, with each war rising in scientific terror.

"They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." In order to defeat our enemies, we have developed weapons which threaten all that remains of civilization, and the very existence of mankind. In spite of our strength and our prosperity in this country, our future was never less secure. As the fallen walls of Coventry should have warned Germany of the fate of her own cities, the devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki should be a warning to America. Our atomic bombs return from Japan to haunt us, and in our science we foresee our doom.

The tragedy of scientific man is that he has found no way to guide his own discoveries to a constructive end. He has devised no weapon so terrible that he has not used it. He has guarded none so carefully that his enemies have not even-

tually obtained it and turned it against him. He has developed a system in which his security today and tomorrow seems to depend on building weapons which will destroy him the day after. He has become so hypnotized by his search for knowledge that he must go on discovering and experimenting even though it leads to his own annihilation. With the key of science, he has turned loose forces which he cannot re-imprison.

In the past, time and space and man's own weakness localized his destructive power. Movement by horse and sail was slow; gunpowder, a weak explosive. Even with the airplanes and high explosives of World War II, the great majority of warring people have survived. We in America were beyond effective range of our enemies' aircraft. The cost of transoceanic bombing was out of proportion to the damage it could inflict. The oceans protected us as the Channel protected England in a seaborne age. They can no longer do so in a rocket-atomic era.

Only a decade ago, both rockets and atomic energy seemed problems that could be left safely to some great-grandchild's generation. But war turned our best minds to weapons of destruction. With thousands of technicians and billions of dollars at their disposal, scientists again "accomplished

the impossible" and showed the relativity of time. They reached into the future and took the problem of long-range rockets and atomic explosives from our great-grandchildren's hands, and placed it like a burning coal in our own.

Time has become disjointed in this modern world where man still ages with the seasons, while science brings more changes to his life in a single generation than it underwent in the previous thousand years. From father to son, here in America, we have passed from the Indian massacre to the atomic annihilation. We are dazed by our own accomplishments, awed by our knowledge, fearful of what the future holds.

We know that within the next decade it will be technically possible to assemble weapons which can destroy every city in the world within hours after the start of war. We have developed new lethal gases, new methods of spreading disease, new ways of killing with radio-activity. Atomic bombs could be concealed by enemy saboteurs. Rocket missiles launched abroad would reach this country in less time than we could evacuate our cities, and we have no effective way of stopping them in flight. There are alarming indications that the possessor of modern scientific knowledge may be able to destroy all life over large areas of the earth's surface. Some

scientists have predicted that man will gain the power to detonate the planet itself.

Such is the picture that confronts modern man at the conclusion of World War II.

II

The devastation that could be wrought by an Atomic Age war is too appalling to be fully realized. The vision stuns our imagination. But if present trends continue, it is only a question of time before such a war will come. In both hemispheres today, I see the same picture, on a vaster scale, that I saw in Europe a decade ago. I watch a similar construction of arms, a similar conflict of ideals, similar propaganda, similar political arguments and moves.

The problem we face is exemplified in our relationship with Russia. The secret commitments made by President Roosevelt at Teheran and Yalta, the crushing defeat of Japan, and our terms of unconditional surrender to Germany, have left Moscow's Communist government by far the strongest power in the eastern hemisphere. Soviet political philosophy is highly divergent from our own. Russian citizens live under a ruthless dictatorial system. Millions of them are in concentration

camps today, denied justice, cut off from communication. Under the Soviets, unknown numbers of men still labor as slaves.

We know that Russia is arming, that she is exerting every effort to gain our knowledge of atomic energy and to build atomic bombs. History tells us that two great powers have never lived within reach of one another without eventual war. Persia and Greece, Carthage and Rome, Germany and England, Japan and the United States, are only a few examples.

There is little in our relationship with the Soviets to make us believe that in this respect the future will not repeat the past. Their spies and agitators are active in our country. Our conferences seethe in controversy. Our distrust increases. We are unable to agree upon effective methods of representation for a peaceful organization of the world. As to religion, as to human rights, there lie chasms between us seemingly impossible to bridge. The right to worship, the right to speak, the right to live in freedom, are qualities dearer than life to the American mind and heart. They are qualities which the Soviet denies even to a greater extent than they were denied in Nazi Germany.

If the present armament race continues, it is only a question of time before Russia and the

United States have assembled weapons with which they can destroy each other. We are already spending the greater portion of our national budget in paying for past and preparing for future wars. As far as we can now foresee, such expenditure must not only continue but increase. Whatever security we attain in the future may depend on every child, man and woman in the country being trained to take their part in war.

Let us imagine ourselves a few years from now, poised for war as Europe was in 1939. Our radars search the northern skies. We know that over the top of the earth, hundreds of atomic rockets lie aimed at American cities. In our military emplacements, hundreds more lie ready for instant counter-attack. We do not know how many of our cities contain the hidden bombs of enemy saboteurs, or what deadly diseases for plants, animals, and humans may be spread among us. From day to day, from hour to hour, we, our families, our civilization, exist at the mercy of a dictator's whim, depend on some fanatic's finger not closing an electric switch.

It is an intolerable concept, but it is a picture of the future toward which we are now heading. This is technically possible with bombs we have already tested, with biological warfare we know how to

wage, and with rockets we can soon design. But scientists predict still more effective methods of destruction. They warn us that if we do not find some way to control the production of atomic weapons, the first nation to press its button of war will win—if any victor emerges from such a catastrophe.

Can we turn these trends? Can we succeed where men before us have always failed? Almost certainly civilization, possibly human survival, depends on our ability to control the use of modern weapons. Obviously, this requires an organization of the nations of the world. But who is to control such an organization?

Since the United States emerged from the war as the strongest power on earth, and since only we now possess atomic bombs, many people argue that we should act as leader, judge and police, and use force, if necessary, to organize for peace and keep the world disarmed. But sooner (as in the case of modern Germany) or later (as in the case of ancient Rome) nations which place too much emphasis on force meet with disaster. In Europe, the earth is seared with the example of a people who too facilely turned their science loose for war; and even the legions of Caesar were unable to perpetuate themselves.

Rule by force begets willingness to die for freedom. If we attempt to rule by force alone, we will create in other men the desire to destroy us; we will build hatred and fanaticism which wait only for the opportunity to hurl back at us the very weapons with which we govern. Then our security would necessitate training American youth in the regime of the policeman and the soldier, and our existence would depend on a Spartan discipline which, generation after generation, could never be relaxed. We would have to give up the way of life and the ideals we now believe in.

Realizing the danger in excessive use of force, other people advocate rule by a world government in which all nations are equally represented. But the failure of the League of Nations of the first World War, and the difficulties encountered by the United Nations of the second, show that rule by vote also has its limitations.

What do we mean by equal representation? Certainly we cannot give one vote to Costa Rica and only one to the United States with nearly 300 times the population. But if we apportion votes according to the number of inhabitants a country has, then leadership would pass from our western peoples, who have built this civilization, to the great masses of Asia. The high birth-rates of ignorance

would outvote the low birth-rates of education, and the weapons of western science, from aircraft to atomic bomb, would be controlled by the desires of the East. Based on the literal equality of man, Japan, China, and India would have nearly four times the influence of the United States, Great Britain, and France. Voting strength and fighting strength would be torn apart with the inevitable result of revolution and war.

We cannot escape the fact that our civilization was built, and still depends, upon the quality rather than the equality of men. Progress and quality are inseparable. That is a law of life which man cannot change. Where there is quality in life, it surges forward. It was the quality of man that gave him leadership on earth, dominance over the sheer strength of ape and tiger. It was the quality of the Greeks that defeated the Persian host at Marathon. It was the quality of the Christian religion that carried it over the western world against what seemed overwhelming opposition. It was the quality of our American forebears that subdued a wilderness and won independence from a stronger power.

For Americans, the doctrine of universal equality is a doctrine of death. If we ever become an equal people among the other peoples of the world,

our civilization will fall—and our equality with it. Our security, our freedom, our democratic system itself depends on maintaining an extraordinary quality in our people. Let us make no mistake; the political equality we practise in this country is a recognition of quality in a common cause and background, a uniting together for the protection of our nation and civilization and for the advancement of the ideals that we hold. It is an equality of brothers striving for the quality of man.

If our American way of life cannot exist in a world ruled entirely by force, neither can it continue under a world government based on the numerical equality of men. Since the densely populated countries would control by vote, our borders would be thrown open to their immigration. We would be in competition with peoples who live and labor on lower standards than we have ever known, with peoples whose ideas and ideals diverge greatly from our own. Since we would no longer have the means of law enforcement, we would be bound by a foreign code of law. It is unlikely that a world government in which Asia cast one billion votes would maintain taxes, regulations, and freedom of action which would permit our American standards to go on.

It is essential that we realize these facts before

we give up our independence and the weapons which enable us to maintain our freedom. We must realize that regardless of original intent and promises such a world government carries no reliable guarantee of continuing equality and a democratic system for Americans. It, too, would be subject to intrigue and usurpation by a dictator, while the majority of its people would be inexperienced in the safeguards essential to maintaining democracy and freedom. In fact, hundreds of millions of the people who would be citizens of a world organization have been educated under political philosophies antagonistic to our own.

Suppose we turned our atomic bombs, our aircraft, and other weapons over to an international police force. If we insisted on control of that police, it would, from a world standpoint, be a non-democratic organization. But if we did not insist on control, we would be completely at its mercy—with no longer the power to maintain our independence. Then, disarmed, and with only a minority vote, how could we stop a foreign demagogue from rising on a wave of intrigue and popularity to control the police force which controls the earth? Such a dictator could control the world as Hitler controlled Germany; as Stalin controls Russia.

What is our course to be? Our survival, the fu-

ture of our civilization, possibly the existence of mankind, depend on American leadership—upon the wisdom of our policies and action. On the one hand, we know that peace has never existed for long where some great power has not enforced it by military strength. On the other, we have seen that military strength is like a flame which consumes the very stuff from which it springs. Great military peoples have conquered their known world time and time again through the centuries, only to die out in the inevitable ashes of their fire. Well over two thousand years ago, the Chinese philosopher, Laotzu, concluded that:

“Weapons often turn upon the wielder,
An army’s harvest is a waste of thorns.”

We may have to resort to arms in the future, as we have in the past. We may have to use them to prevent an atomic war from being launched against us. But let us have the wisdom to realize that the use of force is a sign of weakness on a higher plane, and that a policy based primarily on recourse to arms will sooner or later fail.

It is clear that the answer is not to be found either in rule by force alone or by equality alone. Each has been tried and each has failed. Our leadership, to be successful, must contain elements of

force; it must contain elements of equality; but it must also contain elements which reach far beyond the materialism of force and equality. We must strive to achieve a civilization so satisfactory to men that its force can remain unused in the background, while the question of equality becomes akin to the relationship of head and hand.

If we succeed, it will be less by forcing our system of democracy on others than by setting an example others wish to follow; less by using arms than by avoiding them; less by pointing out the "mote" in another's eye than by removal of the "beam" in our own. The improvement of our way of life is more important than the spreading of it. If we make it satisfactory enough, it will spread automatically. If we do not, no strength of arms can permanently impose it.

In the final analysis, our future depends upon ourselves, our ability, our character, our ideals. If we are to lead mankind through these black years, if we are to be successful in war and peace, we must have clearly in mind what we desire in civilization and what constitutes human progress.

III

The quality of a civilization depends on a balance of body, mind, and spirit in its people, measured on a scale less human than divine. No one of these elements can be greatly overemphasized or neglected without disastrous results. In places where education is too highly worshipped, birth-rates rapidly decline. In battle, the physical prowess of the barbarian is no match for weapons of the educated mind. In India, overemphasis of religion went hand in hand with poverty, famine, and servility. In Germany, neglect of the spiritual led to a devastated land. Religion untempered by science brought the un-Christian tortures of the Middle Ages. Science untempered by religion confronts us with the terrifying power of the modern atomic bomb.

Our western civilization represents a balance achieved by our forebears through thousands of years of struggle. We are the children of marriages influenced by the culture of Greece, guided by the sermons of Christ, inspired by the death of martyrs, instructed by western knowledge, protected by western arms. Let one of these elements be changed and we would be a different people than we are today in body, mind, and spirit. We have in our very tissues qualities it has taken millions of life-

times and scores of generations to achieve. We are surrounded by a culture it has taken centuries to create. Drawing on the wisdom of the East, we have built our civilization of the West—a civilization which, with all its faults, has towered above its competitors. From the spirit of Christ, from the mind of science, from the bodily inheritance of farmers and pioneers, from such elements, western man has achieved a balance unequalled by any civilization in the past.

To survive, we must keep this balance. To progress, we must improve it. Science is upsetting it with an overemphasis of mind and a neglect of spirit and body. Its bombs are only a wartime manifestation of the materialism with which it attacks all life. We are becoming the slaves of science, slaves of its war-machines, its mines, its factories, its offices and balance-sheets, its bureaucracy and regulations. Living in rented apartments, jamming roads and subways, punching time-clocks, sitting paunchily at desks, cramming the minds of his children with technical knowledge, varying his peacetime routine to hurtle through the sky with his bombs in war, or to jolt through the exploding hell of a battlefield, modern man sacrifices health of body and freedom of spirit to the scientific idol of his time. Onto its altar go the smell of earth, the

feel of weather, sound of wind and cricket, vision of fields and rivers, warmth of friendship, understanding of children, even the contemplation of God; all these are given over to a metallic, intellectual existence.

Day after day, year after year, scientific man must serve the mechanistic Utopia he has built. If he failed to do so, his entire system would collapse. He does not have the lash at his back, as the common slave of old. He is driven by the more subtle whip of a system whose arms he needs for safety and whose dollars he must have for food, shelter, and the momentary dignity of life—a system which hypnotizes him into believing that he is free while he follows an iron-bound routine—a system which, in its diabolical knowledge, now holds the means of breeding even his mind and body for its service.

Scientific man has enthroned knowledge as his idol, and turned his back on God. He has begun a ceremonial dance to which there is no end. He must learn how to travel with more speed, to build bigger machines, invent more powerful explosives, produce more goods, teach his children more facts. Each development of science demands more science to maintain it, more to improve it, more to keep in advance of its use by our potential enemies. Scientific man is driven faster and faster by his system until he has no time left, no thought left, no appre-

ciation left for man himself. He is dependent for his security on the increasing complication of a mechanistic organization which is already too complicated for him to control. His world is full of frustration, bitterness, strikes, and war.

In turning his back on the gifts of nature he was born with, in replacing grass with concrete and sun with artificial sunlight, in making himself a superman of earth, scientific man loses contact with both the qualities of life and the truths essential to his own survival. He goes on amassing knowledge and power until he creates weapons with which he can destroy himself at will. Neglecting body, enthroning mind over spirit, dabbling with superhuman powers, striving to compete with God, the ruins of Europe and the new spectre of the atomic rocket at last bring him face to face with his own frailty. Discovering, complicating, theorizing, quarreling, he approaches the terrible devastation of an atomic-biologic war—as though God had set a final limit to his sins.

It should now be branded on our consciousness that unless science is controlled by a greater moral force, it will become the Antichrist prophesied by early Christians. If we are to keep it from destroying that part of our civilization which is left, if it is to be the great benefit to mankind that we have hoped, we must control it by a philosophy reach-

ing beyond materialism, a philosophy rooted in the character of man and nourished by the eternal truths of God.

A philosophy, like human life itself, cannot be imprisoned in a formula of words. It too must be living, growing, changing. It must combine the logic of the mind with the wisdom of the heart and merge both with the spirit's intuition. It must be strong enough to make science the servant of man, not his master. It must be wise enough to keep our western nations from turning against each other in suicidal wars. It must hold the respect and warrant the coöperation of every people. Upon its truths, we must build a faith that can withstand the materialism of these times.

The survival of our civilization depends upon its quality, and its quality depends in turn upon its balance—a balance which is being destroyed by the excesses of science. It is our mission to restore this balance by establishing a modern philosophy which justifies our continued leadership.

IV

How can such a philosophy be created, be translated into action? What effect can a single individual have in these cataclysmic times—one man

or one woman among hundreds of millions, seemingly helpless as a sparrow in the path of a tornado? Lost in the clash of governments and armies, dwarfed by science's enormous power, with nations and empires collapsing, when even the Christian church is quarreling and divided, what can a man himself accomplish?

The answer lies in that quality with which man only, of all earthly life, is gifted. In each man is a spark able to kindle new fires of human progress, new light for the human spirit. This ember may lie dormant through centuries of darkness or it may be fanned to flames by the winds of a crisis, sweeping over the earth, bringing others to life with its light and warmth. When enough of these fires are burning, they create a new dawn of spiritual understanding; the flame of a great people is formed.

It is this spark a man or a woman can contribute—must contribute if our civilization goes on—the embryonic power, the intelligence, the unity with God for which there is no other source. It is from man, the individual, not from governments or churches that these sparks must come. They precede the flame of civilization, the light of religion, and they must be forever rekindled.

We are western men and women. The qualities

of our civilization lie within us. If we are to achieve new heights of progress, if we are to control the science we have created, if we are to lead the peoples of the world to a better future, we must first search our own souls. If we truly believe in values above material things, all that is material must, sooner or later, adapt itself to them—our customs, our marriages, our laws, our taxes, our methods of thinking and living, our relationship with others, even the outcome of our wars.

Our standards must be based on man himself, his relationship to God and to his fellow-men. They must have a place for those intangible human values which cannot be represented on a graph sheet—for simplicity and solitude, for truth and joy, for human brotherhood, for freedom of spirit, wisdom of mind, health of body. The scientific discoveries we make, the laws and policies we frame, must be judged on such standards rather than on whether they will increase power or speed, trade or revenue or material possessions.

We must stop measuring our standard of life by automobiles, production curves, and dollars of income. We must realize that the efficiency of a factory is less important than the character it builds in its workers and the effect of its product on our nation. No standard of living is high when jobs

become drudgery and hours dreary, when young men and women cannot afford a family, where children are walled off by brick from sod and sky, where vast numbers of people are so encumbered with mechanistic detail that the spirit has no chance to rise.

We must find ways of spreading the ownership of homes and land. If our civilization is to thrive, we must surround our people with the physical security, bodily vigor, and spiritual peace that come from close contact with earth and sky. We must consider the decentralization of industry on standards of human character and the satisfaction of living, rather than on those of dollar costs and units of production. If industrial efficiency is essential to our welfare and survival at present, the quality of a workman's life is still more important to our welfare and survival in the future.

We must measure our education less by the amount of knowledge it instils in youthful minds than by the wisdom of living it creates. The amassment of knowledge is of negative value when it places business above family in the interests of men, and makes women consider careers ahead of children; when it instructs us in the magic that turns loose modern weapons without teaching us the human values to control them.

The very existence of our civilization requires a reorientation of our standards; and yet we must realize that they cannot be altered suddenly except by the forces of destruction we have to guard against. For the present, we must support the conditions we have helped to build and into which we have been born. At the moment, our food, our shelter, our national security, all depend on the materialistic and mechanistic system we have developed. Even if we had the power to change this system quickly, the resulting chaos would be similar to the aftermath of war.

For the present, we must continue to serve our machines and our production lines, to sacrifice sunlight hours to factory and office. To survive today, we must have high industrial efficiency; we must build great military strength. Whatever the cost may be, it is essential for us to prevent an aggressive power from starting atomic war. All this we must do that we may continue to live in freedom, that we may have the time and liberty to seek for higher values. We must survive in order to progress.

But while we must live for the present under the conditions in which we find ourselves, while we must accept them temporarily and make them fit our needs, in the future—probably in the near fu-

ture—even survival depends on a reorientation of our ideas, our ideals, and our ways of life. Here, the most important step is the individual realization of this fact, the basic desire for higher values; not the mere intellectual desire which is shelved for the mind's next interest, but the kind which lies ever present in one's inner self, the kind that comes after the deepest study, after solitude, after prayer, after subjecting one's conclusions to the viewpoints of other men—the kind of desire that intuitively, as well as logically, enters into thought and action. It is not enough to have the *willingness* to sacrifice for an intellectual belief, one must hold that belief so deeply that the following of it does not involve sacrifice; one must hold it so strongly that to do otherwise would be the hardship. We must realize that salvation lies first within us, and only secondarily in our governments, treaties, and laws.

V

I grew up as a disciple of science. I know its fascination. I have felt the godlike power man derives from his machines—the strength of a thousand horses at one's fingertips; the conquest of distance through mercurial speed; the immortal viewpoint of the higher air. I have sensed the harmony of

muscle, mind, and mechanism which gives the illusion of life to substance until levers move with thought as hand or foot, until the rhythm of an engine is geared to the beat of one's own heart, and wing in turning flight seems an extension of one's own body.

To me in youth, science was more important than either man or God. The one I took for granted; the other was too intangible for me to understand. The basic relationships of men were hidden by American prosperity and the froth of party politics. The ever-present truths of God were veiled by dogma and convention. Science alone was tangible and clear. Its shining promises were as blinding to higher human values as to its own dangers.

Like most of modern youth, I worshipped science. I was awed by its knowledge. Its advances had surpassed man's wildest dreams. Its benefits and powers appeared unlimited. In its learning seemed to lie the key to all mysteries of life. I had never heard of, nor would I then have understood, the lines of Laotzu, "The wise are not learned; the learned are not wise." It took many years for me to discover that science, with all its brilliance, lights only a middle chapter of creation, a chapter with both ends bordering on the infinite, one which can be forever expanded but never completed. When

man devotes too much time to this chapter, he loses the greatest value of the book.

Now, I have lived to experience the early results of scientific materialism. I have watched men turn into human cogs in the factories they believed would enrich their lives. I have watched pride of workmanship leave and human character decline as efficiency of production lines increased. I have seen the life-saving miracles of medicine perverted toward the murderous ends of biological warfare. I have seen the science I worshipped, and the aircraft I loved, destroying the civilization I expected them to serve, and which I thought as permanent as earth itself. In memory, the vision of my mailplane boring northward over moonlit clouds is now mingled with the streaks of tracers from my fighter, flaming comets of warplanes, and bombs falling irretrievably through air.

Why, I ask myself, should I spend my life developing aviation if aircraft are to ruin the nations which produce them? Why work for the idol of science when it demands the sacrifice of cities full of children; when it makes robots out of men and blinds their eyes to God? What artificial gift is worth the dulling of vision, the deadening of senses, the morbid destructiveness that modern industry has brought? What military victory can

pay for a civilization's loss? To survive, on more than a temporary time scale, one must look beyond the speed and power of aircraft—beyond the material strength of science.

I now realize that while God cannot be seen as tangibly as I had demanded as a child, His presence can be sensed in every sight and act and incident. I know that when man loses this sense, he misses the true quality of life—the beauty of earth, its seasons and its skies; the brotherhood of men; the joy of wife and children. He loses the infinite strength without which no people can survive through time—the element which war cannot defeat or peace corrupt. I now understand that spiritual truth is more essential to a nation than the mortar in its cities' walls. When the actions of a people are unguided by these truths, it is only a matter of time before their walls collapse, as they did at Berlin, Munich, Nuremberg. This, the modern European reads in the rubble at his feet. Of this, the alarm of atomic scientists must warn us in America.

Worshipping science and its materialistic standards, man becomes enmeshed in the complication of his own ideas and creations. The essential simplicity of life gives way to an antlike organization of ever-growing intricacy. Man sets up a system around his theories and inventions to compete with

a divine plan unfolded through the ages. He forgets that his science is of value only so long as it improves his life as it was meant to, and that unguided knowledge is as limitless and meaningless as space. He hails all discoveries as advancing human progress, saving labor, giving us more time for leisure, raising the standard of modern living. He does not stop to consider that these discoveries will destroy him unless directed by a sense of the quality of life. In singing the praise of his accomplishments, scientific man raises his eyes to the skyscrapers of his cities and no longer sees the children's faces on the streets.

When we worship God and live by His spiritual values, the knowledge and infinite complexity of science are channeled by a wisdom beyond human capability. Then, instead of making us the slaves of its industries, science sharpens the higher senses by removing the drudgery from life. Then, instead of smothering religion with its masses of data and logic, it intensifies religious truth by cleansing it of ignorance and superstition. Then science gives us the material strength to protect our spiritual values, and its machines, instead of turning cities into mounds of blood and rubble, become vehicles which carry man beyond the horizons he has known. Then the tempo of life adjusts itself to the

tempo of the spirit, and to the development of intellect is added the boundless freedom of the soul.

Man striving for the ultimate earthly ends he conceives, whether he plods on foot or hurtles through the air, finds them, like the earthly horizon, always retreating, never attainable. When they seem closer at times, it is an illusion, as in a haze. We discover that the ends of yesterday simply marked the starting points of today. Our fathers' "war to end war" brought this generation to another. We, in turn, have defeated Nazi Germany only to see that war with Soviet Russia clouds our new horizon. Security *through* atomic bombs was the greatest end of war-time science. Security *from* atomic bombs is now our greatest peace-time end.

As we view what we once thought were our ends, we find it is the way we live, not the ends we strive for, that is most important. We must discard the materialistic philosophy that the end justifies the means. Means and ends are inseparable. In a timeless sense, they form a single path, a "way of life" along which we must travel.

What is the way? That we must find in each day and hour. Eastern mystics say, "Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become that Path itself." The New Testament tells us, "Seek, and ye shall find." We must search for it as we

have searched for the discoveries of science. We must consider the problems that face us until the desire for their solution takes on the strength of a prayer. We must discuss them with each other, read and write about them. How are we to combine religious truth with scientific progress? What balance in men are we to build with our ideals? To progress, even to survive, we must learn to apply the truths of God to the actions and relationships of men, to the direction of our science. We must learn from the sermons of Christ, the wisdom of Laotzu, the teachings of Buddha. In these, in the Bible of the Hebrews, in the philosophy of Greece, in the Indian Vedas, in the writings of saints and mystics, we have a record of the great religious and moral truths discovered by man throughout the ages at his moments of highest inspiration.

Our mission is to understand these truths, to separate them from the dogma which surrounds them, and to apply them to our way of modern life. We must draw strength from the forgotten virtues of simplicity, humility, contemplation, prayer. It requires a dedication beyond science, beyond self, but the rewards are great and it is our only hope.

We still have the possibility, here in America, of building a civilization based on Man, where the importance of an enterprise is judged less by its finan-

cial profits than by the kind of community it creates; where the measure of a man is his own character, not his power or his wealth. If we have sufficient desire, we can still build a civilization whose leadership rests on the respect and confidence it instills in others, and whose standard of life is the quality of life itself.

But time is short. Looking at the destruction already wrought, at the materialism growing on every side, at the increasing bitterness and unrest throughout the world, at the tremendous power of our latest weapons, a realist might well conclude that many of us now living will see the start of a war which will end in more dark ages.

There is no materialistic solution, no political formula which alone can save us. Man has never been able to find his salvation in the exact terms of politics, economics, and logic. From Plato's Republic to Roosevelt's United Nations, his planned Utopias have not proved the answer, for the answer is at a deeper level. Our salvation, and our only salvation, lies in controlling the arm of western science by the mind of a western philosophy guided by the eternal truths of God. It lies in the balanced qualities of spirit, mind, and body of our people. Without this control, without this balance, our military victories can bring no lasting peace, our laws no lasting justice, our science no lasting progress.

